

An Interesting Cartoon

Apropos to the Kentucky political situation the Louisville Post published, in its issue of the 11th, a striking cartoon. It represents Senator James seated in a whiskey barrel upon which is written "King James the First (and last)." Of course he is wearing a crown and has on royal robes and before him prostrate, are his subjects, the Democracy of Kentucky. He is seated by a table upon which is a large pie out of which he has lifted a slice upon

which are the words, "For Ben Marshall" (Marshall is the preference of James and Cantrell for collector of the 7th District over Editor Breckinridge). In his left hand he holds aloft a knife which is piercing the Webb Bill.

Stanley and James are known to be sympathizers with the whiskey element in the party in the state and the Post, in this striking manner, shows what Kentuckians may expect from this new "Ollie-garch-y."

POPE PIUS NEARDEATH

The condition of the Pope has been so critical during the past week as to give great alarm. Early in the week he was reported much improved and gave audiences to visitors, but seems to have overexerted himself and suffered a serious relapse from which he later rallied. As we go to press his condition again is reported serious and slight hopes of his recovery are entertained.

BARS MUSICAL AUTO HORNS

French Judge Says Law Requires Single Note, Grave, Even Sinister

Paris, April 10. The musical automobile horns which threatened to fill the main streets of Paris with snatches of popular or classical airs instead of the usual "honk, honk" have come to a quick finish in France.

A test case was brought against two motorists of Douai, who enlivened the night trumpeting the leftmotive of "Die Walkure," and it has been decided that these instruments are illegal here. The decision brought out a judicial definition of the word "horn," which had hitherto been rather widely interpreted.

"The latter," said the Judge, "must be for the purpose of sounding an alarm and be used to warn the public, not to amuse it. It must give forth a single note which should be grave, even sinister, in order to call attention to the impending danger."

"The new fanfare horns," added the Judge, "lack seriousness, and are therefore outside the meaning of the act."

BEREA'S DONORS

As a special feature this week we are running President Frost's address given on the anniversary of Dr. Pearson's birthday. It will prove of great interest to every one whose thoughts turn Bereward.

FARMING PAGE

We trust that our farmer friends are not failing to follow the articles presented week after week on page 7. This week we run the fourth article of our home course in scientific agriculture—"Type of Model Farming." We are now putting on this page poultry notes also, and in the two middle columns each week will be found suggestions of special interest to the territory where The Citizen circulates most largely. Attention is called this week to the boys and girls club work.

THE STORY

Those who are reading the story are liking it and commendations are coming in.

It is not too late to begin. One can look at the synopsis each week and tell pretty well what has gone before.

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WORLD NEWS

Mexican Ambassadorship Goes Begging; Strike in Belgium—Mexicans Kill American Sailors—China Issues Declaration of Independence—Mexican Rebels Gaining.

NO SUCCESSION FOR WILSON

Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson of Mexico still holds his job although his resignation was sent in Mar. 4th, and serious accusations have been made against him since by the Maderistas. President Wilson, it seems, is having difficulty in finding a successor to the Mexican Ambassador.

BELGIUM STRIKE

Belgium is in the throes of what promises to be one of the most serious strikes in history, the Socialists claiming that nearly four hundred thousand men will leave their work. The strike has been inaugurated in order to enforce a change in the suffrage laws, and the Government is preparing to resist with all its strength. The Conservative Int. roads of the country are in line with the Government.

SAILORS KILLED BY MEXICANS

Two sailors were killed and three others wounded at Mazatlan, Mexico, Friday, as a result, it is claimed, of anti-American sentiment, though the shooting was done by a Chief of Police. The sailors were on shore from the cruiser California, stationed at the Mexican port. Diplomatic complications may ensue.

CHINESE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The Chinese declaration of independence in the form of an address to the world was received in Washington.

DELIVERING THE GOODS

Several men were sitting around the stove in the rear of the grocery store, evidently with a larger time balance than cash balance on hand.

Something had started a discussion about the future life and the religious denominations. Most of the company agreed that they would not be connected with any church until all the denominations settled upon one creed and formed one church, a comfortable resolve for men who like to be comfortable. Even the grocer assented to it. He could have his store open Sunday mornings until then and get quite a start over his more religious competitors before his better and prudently delayed convictions would compel him to close.

Old Mr. Bailey alone shook his head. Looking out of the window he turned to the grocer. "I see you have a new delivery wagon out there, Knapp. You must have had a lot of wagon dealers after you when they heard you meant to buy."

"I did," said Knapp. "There were more than half a dozen. They each had some one using his wagon here in town. Several were just as good in many points as the others, and one or two were mighty poor, but I just considered the roads I had to haul over and what I had to deliver and the reputation they had for wear and got a first rate one, though there were others just as good for those who fancied their build. We all can't agree on every point."

"Well," said the old man, "why don't that apply to the churchen? Now there's the Methodist delivery wagon, strong built, and it's done a lot o' work and come over some mighty rough roads."

"And there's the Congregational, sort o' simple affair, about runn我自己, don't require many repairs, good tasteful educational trimmings on body and gears."

"There's the Presbyterian, high gear and can't turn short, but well made and been run a long time, trimmed a dark blue, new ones will have improvements."

"And the Baptist, not so large but careful made, they know every stick that went into it—good hard wood, nice tight cover, proof against any shower; won't phase that outfit to run into the river."

"Then there's the Salvation Army, solid frame; some think it's built a little low, but it has a lot o' good working points and don't lay up for any kind o' roads."

"That's a good line o' rigs. There's a lot ain't o' no account, painted up gay, soft running, rubber tires, but they got a weak reach and they'll break down the first stone they strike; but you fellows don't have to buy that kind. Still you want to wait till every wagon is made just like every other and every man's taste is like every other's and every one's road is the same as his neighbor's and the goods he carries just like the other fellows. Until then you'll let your goods lie on the shelf. I call that blamed foolishness. Any one of half a dozen wagons would do you and deliver the goods."

With that the old man took up his groceries and went out. The others looked after him and half admitted, "Might be something in that."

—H. M. W.

GIVE THE BOYS AND GIRLS A CHANCE

Boys and girls ought to have something of their own on the farm. Give the boy an acre of land and let him have all he can raise on it. Give the girl a lamb, a calf or a hen and chickens, and all the money that comes from them. That is the way to bring up children, and teach them to take an interest, and find out how money is made.

Read Prof. Montgomery's proposition about corn clubs on page seven.

Patronage in Kentucky

Patronage in Kentucky is giving the new administration more trouble than it has had to face from any other source so far, the collectoryship of the 7th District being the chief bone of contention. Congressman Cantrell of that District, who is known to be a friend of the liquor element, and Senator James, who has practically assumed the dictatorship of all Kentucky matters, favor and have recommended a Frankfort man who is known to be one of their kind, a friend of the liquor interests, while

Editor Breckinridge of the Lexington Herald has the endorsement of the anti-whiskey element in the party. The fight outwardly is not whiskey and anti-whiskey, but one for party regularity, James and Cantrell claiming that Breckinridge will not follow the leaders of the party right or wrong, but possesses his own soul, and takes it upon himself to fight the Democratic organization when it does not square with what he thinks is right.

It looks as if Breckinridge will lose, but he ought to win.

IN OUR OWN STATE UNITED STATES NEWS

Georgetown Has Destructive Fire—Bell Wants to Get Rid of Whiskey—Young Breckinridge Has High Hopes.

GEORGETOWN FIRE

Georgetown was visited by a destructive fire, Saturday, a large grain elevator with its contents and a tobacco warehouse being consumed. It is thought the fire was caused by defective insulation of electric light wires.

PETITION FOR LOCAL OPTION ELECTION

Petitions are being circulated throughout Bell County calling for a local option election on Saturday, June 28. The County is now dry with the exception of Middlesboro, but it would be really better if it were all wet unless it could be stamped out of the metropolis. And this is what the good citizens of the county propose to do.

Bell County has a terrible criminal record, possibly the worst in the state, but it is estimated that 99 per cent of the crime committed can be traced directly to whiskey. The people are determined to rid themselves of the scourge which Middlesboro imposes upon them and redeem their good name.

HIGH HOPES

Owing to the refusal of Joseph E. Davis of Wisconsin to accept the position of Assistant Secretary of War, the hopes of Henry S. Breckinridge, a strong supporter of Woodrow Wilson, are high.

(Continued on Page Eight)

WEXING PROBLEM

The California Legislature is about to pass a law prohibiting aliens ineligible to American citizenship from owning land, which, if passed will cause serious diplomatic difficulties between Japan and the United States.

Pres. Wilson has already been called upon to take a hand. He intimates that he is powerless, but expresses the hope that the Legislature will use good sense and frame no law contrary to our treaty stipulations with foreign countries.

CANAL SLIDES

Again the Culebra cut is giving trouble to the Panama engineers, a large shoulder of rock, that for a number of years has prevented a mountain of earth from slipping into the cut, having given away, the whole mass being precipitated into the canal.

The steam shovels have been concentrated upon the new obstacle and the obstruction will be removed as rapidly as possible.

WANT NEW CABINET MEMBER

The National Drainage Congress in session in St. Louis, Saturday, passed a resolution calling upon Congress to enact a law providing for a new cabinet member to head a new department to be known as the Department of Public Works, this department to take over the work hitherto attempted to be done by the Drainage Commission in preventing floods in the Mississippi Valley by building dikes, levees, etc., and to do such similar work as needed elsewhere.

A WEIRD PILGRIMAGE

A year ago, Tuesday, the Titanic sank off the New Foundland banks, bringing death to about fifteen hundred people. On Sunday morning last, a number of the widowed survivors, led by Mrs. Jacques Futrelle, started on a pilgrimage to the scene of the disaster. They will cruise about the place for some time, hold a short memorial service, sing the Titanic dirge, "Nearer My God to Thee," and cast overboard huge bouquets of flowers in memory of their lost dear ones.

WOULD SELL SERUM TO UNITED STATES

Dr. F. F. Friedman was in Washington, Saturday, to attend the Gridiron dinner. He met President Wilson and Director of Public Health, Surgeon General Blue.

Dr. Friedman says he would like to turn his serum over to the Federal Government rather than to a private institution as he thinks the Government could much better distribute the cure. He declares it is not a matter of money with him.

FIRE IN KANSAS PRISON

A fire in the Kansas state prison at Lansing destroyed four large business buildings and caused a loss estimated at \$500,000, Saturday. The fire originated from an electric motor and spread to the other buildings, it is said, through the carrying of burning paper by the convicts. A number of prisoners, however helped to fight the fire. Malaria, confined in cells, were rescued with difficulty.

(Continued on Page Eight)



GREAT DONORS

Dr. Pearson's Birthday Celebrated

Interesting Exercises in Chapel.

President Frost's Address.

Tuesday forenoon was celebrated the Chapel, accompanied by the band, by the College as a half holiday, the where an interesting program was carried out as follows:

America—The Band and Audience.
Prayer—Rev. C. S. Knight.
Song—Quartette.

Dr. Pearson, Our Benefactor—Dr. Roberts.

(Continued on Page Five)

Amendment Ratified

As predicted in last week's Citizen, before the paper reached its readers another state had ratified the amendment to the Constitution providing for the direct election of Senators, Connecticut, making the thirty-sixth. And it now becomes a part of the fundamental law of the land.

No longer, then, will the Legislatures wrangle over who shall be Senator, but will have a little more time to give to the business of the states. The ratification of this amendment,

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KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION.

TO ENCOURAGE ROAD BUILDING

A gold medal to the school boy or girl between the ages of 10 and 15 who writes the best composition, not to exceed 800 words, on the repair and maintenance of earth roads, is to be awarded by Logan Walter Page, Director, Office of Public Roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. All compositions must be submitted to Mr. Page before May 15, 1913, and the medal will be awarded as soon thereafter as the compositions can be graded. The composition may be based on knowledge gained from books or other sources, but no quotations should be made.

After many years' experience in dealing with the public road situation of the country, it is Mr. Page's belief that ignorance on the subject of repair and maintenance of roads is as much the cause of their bad condition as any other one factor. It is expected that the competition will bring about a better understanding of the subject of repair and maintenance in the rural districts.

Many children living in the rural districts have experienced the disadvantages of roads made impassable through a lack of proper maintenance and it is expected that their interest in the competition will stimulate greater interest among the parents. Bad roads have prevented many children from obtaining a proper education and have even prevented doctors from reaching the side of rural patients in time to save their lives.

Any child between the ages mentioned, attending a country school, may compete. Only one side of the paper must be written on; each page should be numbered; the name, age, and address of the writer, and the name and location of the school which he or she is attending must be plainly written at the top of the first page. The announcement of the competition has been sent to the superintendents of schools in the rural districts. No further information can be obtained from the Office of Public Roads.

This announcement should be plain to everyone, and all children will thus start on a basis of equality.

SOURCE OF MORMONISM

One of the drawings in *The Pearl of Great Price* represents, so Smith says, Abraham lying on an altar about to be sacrificed by a priest. Near by is the angel of the Lord and four gods whom Smith calls by peculiar names, in the form of jars with covers shaped like the heads of animals. There is no inscription accompanying the drawing, but Smith is inspired to interpret the picture. Go to any Egyptian museum and look at the papyri of the mummy cases, and you will find practically the duplicate of this drawing over and over again. It was one of the stock pictures used at most Egyptian burials. Smith, however, slightly altered his copy of it to suit his purpose. From the Egyptian Book of the dead and other Egyptian writings, it is absolutely known just what the picture meant to the Egyptians who made it. Smith's Abraham upon the altar is but a common mummy upon its bier. The figure at his side, to whom Smith has given a knife, and whom he calls a priest of Elkenah, is the Egyptian god Anubis, the protecting god of mummies. The four deities which Smith says are standing by the sacrificial altar, and for whom he has originated the names Elkenah, Mahmackrah, Korash, and Pharaoh are pictures of the four jars which contain the soft parts of the body when it was prepared for burial by the mummy-maker, and like all such jars, their covers were made in the forms of the heads of a man, a hawk, a jackal and a baboon, the four

sons of the Egyptian god Horus. Such jars are found in abundance, and are to be seen in most collections of Egyptian antiquities. Pictures of them are frequently drawn on the papyri. The object which Smith calls Abraham in Egypt is simply a table covered with lotus flowers. The hawk which he describes as "the Angel of the Lord" is the Egyptian Horus, representing the soul of the dead man hovering over the body. Thus a mere gianco at Smith's drawing, crude as it is, convinces the student of Egyptian burial customs that the Mormon prophet understood absolutely nothing of what he attempted to copy and to explain.—*Christian Herald*.

"QUEER," OF COURSE

Suppose a woman be so unfortunate as to have had born in her some opinions of her own as to the training of her children, or even of the dressing of her children (which is still worse)—her own children, of course—and what is she then? Why, "queer," of course. What else could she be unless "peculiar" or "eccentric"?

Or she may, by chance, have individual ideas about furnishing her house—that is, she may have happened to have her own ideas of what is necessary in a house, what is artistic, what is sanitary, what is easiest taken care of so that she may have some time of the day left for self-improvement. It is her own house that she is furnishing, it is true; it is her own or her husband's money that she is spending, that is admitted; it is her own taste that she is following, surely—still "you'd be surprised how 'queer' she is. That is, she's peculiar. So odd. So different from the rest of us." And if you should happen to say, or even to think to yourself, apropos of those last seven words, "Thank God for that," why, then, you would be "queer," too. Why? because you would, that's all. That's logic.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

WHERE A GOOD WIFE COMES IN HANDY

"Fighting The Bandy Habits," is the title in a recent American Magazine of an article which contains the story of Charles H. Towns, a great expert in the treatment of alcohol and drug benders. Following is something that Towns is quoted as saying:

"The minute a man begins to edge off a little from the straight-normal thing in life, you want to watch out. He's in danger. That's where a good wife comes in handy. I tell you, you show me a man that's living straight and clean, doing his work hard and well, with a clear eye and a good skin and a direct way about him—and you don't need to hand me any yardstick to measure the calico with."

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

—Longfellow.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—*Solomon*.

No man ever touched another man's honor; All honor's wounds are self-inflicted.—*Andrew Carnegie*.

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.—*George Herbert*.

The evil that men do lives after them.—*Shakespeare*.

Opportunity stares up at you from this page. It may be a better position—just the cottage you want to rent—a chance to own a house on easy terms—a new cook—an ambitious employee—what not?

Want ads bristle with the intimacies of the work-a-day world. You can ill afford to overlook them with your daily reading.

Killing Blackbirds Brought on Pest of Locusts

A number of years ago blackbirds were exceedingly abundant than eastern Nebraska. They were so plentiful that the farmers believed they were damaging crops, so they began poisoning the birds. A single grain of corn soaked in strichine was enough to kill a blackbird. In the years that followed, great numbers of these and other birds were destroyed during the spring and fall. At the same time thousands of quail, prairie chickens, and other game birds were killed in every county to supply the market. As the birds began to disappear, swarms of locusts took their place. These insects hatched out in count-

less numbers and began devastating crops. Few fields of grain escaped damage. Many were entirely destroyed. Where blackbirds, quail, prairie chickens, plovers, and other birds remained, they took to living entirely on locusts. In such benighted fair crops were scarce solely through the assistance of the birds.

The members of the United States Entomological Commission, who witnessed the work accomplished by the birds in this region, said the results were so complete that it was impossible to entertain any doubts as to the value of birds as locust destroyers.—*Ex.*

Gatun Lock; Gates Partly Open

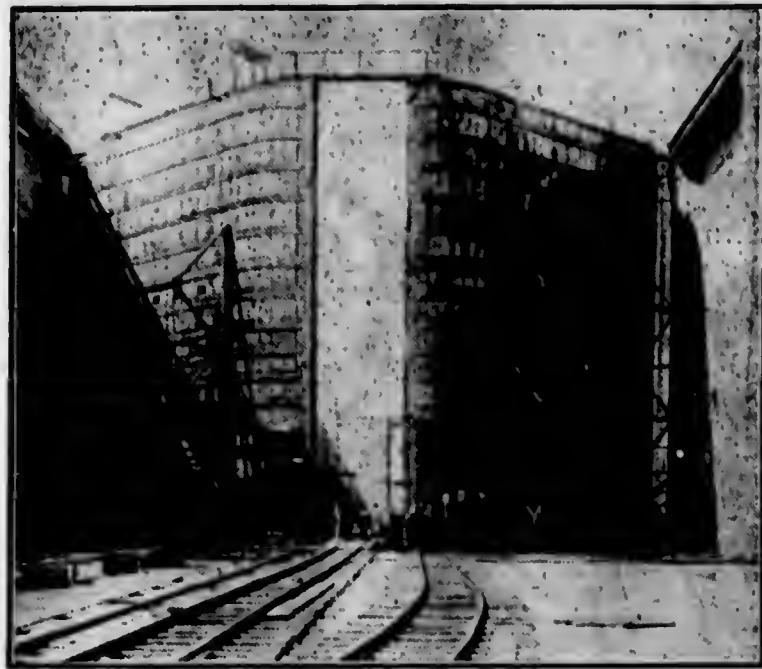


Photo by American Press Association

THE Gatun locks proved to be quite a determining factor in the building of the Panama canal. When the work was started there was a saying that "the length of time it takes to build the canal depends on the time it takes to build the Culebra cut." But later the words "Gatun locks" were substituted for "Culebra cut."

There is a system of three twin locks at Gatun. Two million five hundred thousand cubic yards of concrete were used in their construction. In conjunction with the Gatun dam they serve to hold back the tremendous force of water from the Gatun lake, which is eighty-five feet above sea level. Three levels of locks raise boats from the Atlantic level to the eight-five foot level.

The Complete Eradication of Typhoid

One of the most important steps in the march of medical science has been the recent successful work in the prevention of typhoid fever by the use of typhoid vaccine. It has been demonstrated that inoculation will enable an individual, or whole regiments of soldiers, for that matter, to live in typhoid-infected districts with complete immunity. It is not yet demonstrated just how long immunity will last; but it is known that protection is assured for at least one year. Typhoid immunization is harmless and in most cases causes no inconvenience.

Now the hope of the complete eradication of typhoid fever lies in the fact that the typhoid organism does not remain alive for any great length of time in water or soil, two of the principal sources of the spread of the disease. Repeated investigation has shown that the typhoid bacillus will remain alive in natural water, only for a comparatively short time; furthermore, there is no evidence that the germ will live in soil longer than in natural water. Hence for the perpetuation of typhoid contamination in well or some other water supply, there must be added at comparatively short intervals, fresh typhoid bacilli from a case of typhoid fever or from a typhoid carrier.

These are two facts of supreme importance; for if typhoid germs "will not survive more than a few months when exposed to the elements during warm weather," as stated by the Bacterial Therapist, and if "immunized individuals cannot contract the disease for a year or more," it follows that by carrying out systematic immunization during the winter months, there would be so few typhoid cases the following summer that the disease would be practically eradicated.

If a general typhoid immunization were carried out by the concerted action of the health authorities of the various States for a few years, there is every reason to suppose that the terrible scourge of typhoid would be swept out of the country. The State laboratories could furnish the vaccine at comparatively little expense. Would the public submit to the practice of general immunization? Thanks to the present-day widespread knowledge on this general subject, and the public familiarity with the results obtained in controlling other diseases, we believe it would.

Is not general immunization well worth a trial?—*Scientific American*

THE
Berea National Bank.

Report of the condition of THE BEREAL NATIONAL BANK, at Berea in the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, April 4, 1913.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$118,115.73
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1,812.49
U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation	25,000.00
Banking House, Furniture, and Fixtures	7,200.00
Other Real Estate owned	3,000.00
Due from approved Reserve Agents	30,688.72
Checks and other Cash Items	570.29
Exchanges for Clearing House	1,930.00
Notes of other National Banks	231.80
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK VIZ:	
Specie	6,823.05
Legal-tender notes	3,516.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)	1,250.00
TOTAL	200,042.08

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	2,154.46
National Bank Notes outstanding	24,600.00
Individual deposits subject to check	128,037.62
Certified checks	250.00
TOTAL	200,042.08

State of Kentucky, County of Madison, ss:
I, J. L. Gay, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. L. Gay, Cashier,
Correct—Attest: John W. Welch, J. W. Fowler, D. N. Welch, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, 1913.
G. D. Holliday, Notary Public.



(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union)

INTERESTING TO A FARMER

Closing of Distillery and Brewery Would Set at Liberty Large Amount of Capital and Labor.

By PROF. JOHN A. NICHOLS

They try out that if the liquor traffic is abolished one of the markets for grain will be destroyed and a terrible calamity will fall upon the farmers; but the closing of the distillery and brewery would set at liberty a large amount of capital and labor which would be diverted to other channels of business, including among other things the development of produce and its adaptation to the wants of the people.

Many millions of dollars now expended in liquor would be expended in farm produce of various kinds. There is a large proportion of our people who do not consume as much of our farm produce as they need and desire, because of the waste of wealth in the consumption of intoxicants, and if this waste ceased the demand for farm produce would at once increase.

Experience has shown that the closing up of the saloons and the outlawing of the liquor traffic has always proved a great benefit to every legitimate industry. A chapter in the history of Ireland furnishes a graphic illustration.

During the years 1809-10 and 1813-14 the distilleries of Ireland were stopped on account of the famine, on the ground that these distilleries wasted the grain that might otherwise be used by the people as food.

The results were surprising. The consumption of spirits fell off nearly one-half. On the other hand, there was a tremendous increase in the demand for dry goods, blankets, cotton goods, sugar, hardware, crockery, groceries and other necessities, thus showing that a year of scarcity with prohibition is better than a year of plenty without it.

TO DO AWAY WITH ALCOHOL

New Regulation in Federal Military Expected to Bring Relief to Evile Complained Of.

It is notorious that drinking and drunkenness are great evils connected with army life. It was to protect the soldiers from this debauchery that the canteen was abolished. To further stimulate them to lead temperate lives an order has been issued by the federal government which reads as follows:

Provided, that no officer or enlisted man in active service, who shall be absent from duty on account of disease resulting from his own intemperate use of alcohol or drugs or other misconduct shall receive pay for the period of such absence from any part of the appropriation.

This new regulation in our federal military service is expected to bring relief at least in some measure, to the evils complained of; also it is regarded as another step toward abolishing the use of alcoholic beverages in the army entirely.

BLOW TO PERSONAL LIBERTY

No Person Has Inherent Right to Sell Liquor or Buy It in Saloon, Says Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of the United States says that no person has an inherent right to sell liquor, and now the supreme court of the state of Washington declares that no person has an inherent right to buy liquor in a saloon. In its decision the court said:

"Just as the right to engage in the liquor traffic is not an inherent right in any citizen, neither is it an inherent right in any citizen to treat another in a licensed saloon which is under the control of the police power being exercised by a municipality. Whatever the right of the citizen may be elsewhere, he has no inherent right even to buy liquor at such a place."

Another blow to "personal liberty," as interpreted by the liquor trade and its friends!

Insurance companies in Great Britain, America, Sweden, Norway and Germany are discriminating against those who drink, even in moderation. The insurance companies in Germany have issued leaflets and posters showing the detrimental effects of alcohol on the human body. Many insurance companies place total abstainers in a separate division, insuring their lives on cheaper rates. It is manifestly unjust to require that total abstainers shall pay higher insurance rates on account of the losses caused by the drinkers insured by the same company.

Not What He Meant.

"Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what has brought you here again?"

<p

"DADDY, DEAR DAD!"

He Made Crooked Things Straight and Opened Paths They Knew Not.

BY NELLIE C. GILLMORE.

Winona wiped her eyes and re-read the letter. It said:

"Hollywood, Jan. 27th.

"Dear Little Gal:

"Your nice letter came last night and made your old dad's heart mighty glad.

"It makes him feel good, Nona, to know

how fine you are getting along with

your singing and some day I guess

you'll be a great star and have your

picture in the Sunday papers. But I've

always been proud of you and nothing

could make me any prouder.

"I want to come up and see you next

week if I can get the farm in good

order, and I'll give you are any place

to visit. I hope you are not

wanting to do anything. I wouldn't

want to make you uncomfortable, or take up your time.

"By the way, who is this young Wil-

kins you keep talking about? Don't lose

your heart, little girl. Your old dad

didn't want to live if his partner was

in leave him. I reckon you'll let me meet

him, anyway, won't you?

"The day before I came I will write

in you so you can be sure to meet me

at the train. With love—DADDY."

Wouldn't want to live if she left him! The words rang in Winona's ears. Her heart beat with heavy breathing. Did he really feel that way about it and must she go to her happiness over her dear old daddy's wretchedness? The very night before she had promised Tom Wilkins to marry him on the first of next month. She thought a long time, then she crossed the room to her desk and wrote feverishly:

"Daddy, Dear:

"You asked me, and I can't wait any longer to tell you the truth. Yes, it is true that I love Tom and have promised to be his wife. The Wilkins are splendid people, belonging to one of the first families of the city. And their home is a

home and you will like them. I know

they wants the marriage to take place on

the first as he will have his vacation

then, and we can take a lovely trip to

Florida. When we come home, we will

live with his mother and brother. Mrs.

Wilkins is a widow and Tom thinks it

will be nice for us to be together. Then,

too, you can come and see me often.

The house is big and I can make you as

comfortable. Now, please, Dad, don't let

this make you unhappy. If you only

guessed how happy I am, I know you

wouldn't.

"What do you think, dearie? I've

brought you a stunning new suit-and-

tie. It fits the swelling. Of course I'm

coming home to be married, and I want

everything to be all right. Try to come up Monday and help me buy my trousseau! Lovingly—NONA."

The answer came back by return

mail. Winona opened her father's letter

with shaking hands. Her face flushed as she read:

"Dear Little Partner:

"Your news almost broke your old

Dad's heart. But it's all right—it's all

right if you care so much for your lover

that you are and you can't be happy

without him. I'm sorry, but I can't

help you, honey. The Wilkins ain't our kind of

folks and you'll be made to feel it sooner

or later. Not but I don't think my lit-

tle gal can hold a candle to anybody—but fine folks are mighty particular and

it would most kill me if they started

picking on you. But I hope you'll be just

as happy as you deserve to be, and of

course I'll come up and bring the boy

money and help you get your duds. Give

my regards to your Tom. Affectionately

—DAD."

Notwithstanding her firm belief in

her ability to win the esteem and af-

fection of her husband's people, Winona

was gradually forced to realize the

awkwardness of her position. Her

father had been right after all; fine

folks could make one very uncomfort-

able sometimes. Scarcely a week had

gone by since her unrrings that she

had not been made to feel in some

fashion or other, that she was distinct-

ly an alien. She had borne it as long

as she could and then gone to her hus-

band as a last resort and asked him

if they could not have a home of their

own.

"Why," she said, "here I can't even

think as I choose."

His reply had been characteristic

"My mother is old and practically an

invalid, dear. I could not think of de-

serting her now, even if she is a bit

peculiar. Try to be a little more pa-

tient."

And Winona did. But by degrees

she grew bitter, resentful and finally

jealous. In every affair, great or small,

Tom made a point of shilling with his

mother against her, yielding first to

the older woman's judgment and find-

ing fault with his wife for her oppo-

sition. But never a word of her un-

happiness went home to the loving old

daddy who believed her the most con-

tented girl in Chicago.

Winona had just passed through

one of the disagreeable encounters

with her mother-in-law, and the tears

were standing thick on her lashes.

Her eyes were flashing and scarlet

circles throbbed in either cheek. She

crossed to one of the windows and

stood there a long time staring into

the rose-bloomed court below. A quick,

nervous rap on the door brought her

to herself. Tom, in all likelihood,

came to rebuke her for his mother's

unreasonableess, she mused bitterly.

She went to the door and turned the

knob. Gerald Wilkins staggered into

the room.

"Are you all by yourself, Nona?" he

asked hoarsely.

"Yes, quite alone and likely to be

all afternoon, Gerry. What—what is it?

"You look like a ghost!"

The boy dropped heavily into a

chair and buried his face in his hands.

His body shook convulsively.

Winona regarded him uneasily for a

moment; then she went up to his side

and laid a gentle row of white finger-

tips on his shoulder. "Tell me what is wrong, Gerry," she said, "perhaps I can help you." Of all the Wilkins, Gerald was the only one who had to

ken her part or showed any real sympathy for her position. He looked up shrewishly under her touch. She saw that his eyes were swollen and bloodshot.

"You'll always despise me, Nona. I—"

"No; I'll understand, I think. Any way, I want you to tell me the truth. Gerry. We're friends, aren't we?"

He nodded. "Before I tell you," he said huskily, "I want you to feel that I'm not all bad. I've acted the part of a scoundrel, but—but it was because I'm a fool. But—I'll tell you—every-

thing." And he did.

"Are you happy, little gal?"

Winona's heart started painfully and she bent her head to hide the instant tears. "Quite, quite happy, daddy," she answered tremulously, "and—I'm so glad you've come. Why didn't you write me? I would have met you at the train; I always did, you know—"

"I didn't make up my mind to tell the last minute. Your letter brought me. And—then the check came in too, about the same time."

"And—and you've come to—"

The girl broke off miserably. She rose and sat down on the sofa beside her father and leaned her head against her shoulder. "You won't do anything, daddy, will you?" she pleaded.

The old man shook his head. His brows were drawn together in a deep furrow and his mouth was sterner than Winona had ever seen it. "It's a serious matter, honey—forging a man's name for five hundred dollars!"

"I—I know, dad; but look! He might have run away—he had all the chance. But he wouldn't; he preferred to make a clean breast of his wrong and do what he could to repair it. As I wrote you, he told me everything; how he had used your signature in a fit of desperation to cover up his shortage at the bank. His mother is old and ill; he was threatened with exposure, and he knew that the shock would kill her. He—he" she broke off, the tears running unrestrained down her cheeks. "He's not all bad, Daddy; he oughtn't to have gambled, I know. And of course he ought not to have forged some one's name, but I think it was the result of fright and inexperience. He's too kind-hearted; he's been too good to me. Give him a chance—please!"

When the old man looked down into the girl's upturned face, his own eyes were misty. "You ain't happy, Nona," he said with conviction, "I can tell that. And—he's been good to you!"

"Dad, I'll tell you what's on my mind."

"Hold on a moment! Think! When you men were boys a bright youngster could go into any doctor's office for a couple of years, then hang out his shingle and practice medicine. He did the best he could, but you wouldn't think of having that sort of physician for your family today."

"I'd like to know what that's got to do with teachin' school."

"Just this—that your ideas about

school and teaching are about fifty years behind the times. If you must have a trained man to look after your child's body you certainly must have a trained man or woman to look after the child's mind."

"We don't need 'em. The ol' fashioned kind are good enough."

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LOCAL PAGE

NEWS OF BEEA AND VICINITY, GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

DR. BEST,

DENTIST

CITY PHONE 153

Office over Berea Bank & Trust Co.

DAN H. BRECK

Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock

INSURANCE

Will sign your bond.

Phone 505, Richmond, Ky.

North Bound, Local

Knoxville 7:00 a. m. 10:55 p. m.
BEREA 1:07 p. m. 2:52 a. m.
Cincinnati 6:30 p. m. 7:45 a. m.

South Bound, Local

Cincinnati 6:30 a. m. 8:15 p. m.
HEREA 12:34 p. m. 12:33 a. m.
Knoxville 7:00 p. m. 5:50 a. m.

Express Train.

No. 32 will stop at Berea to take on passengers for Dayton, O., Richmond, Ind., Indianapolis, Ind., Columbus, O., and points beyond.

South Bound.

Cincinnati 8:00 a. m.
BEREA 11:55 a. m.

No. 33 will stop to take on passengers for Atlanta and points beyond.

North Bound

BEREA 4:45 p. m.
Cincinnati 8:50 p. m.

June Logsdon has been in Berea since Saturday.

Special fertilizer for oats and grass, corn, tobacco or truck gardens at Chrisman's. (ad.)

Mr. Chas. Adams and sister Ella made a flying trip to Illinois last week, stopping over in Louisville, Ky., on their way.

Mr. Ora Adams is in Cincinnati, where he expects to remain for some time.

FOR RENT, A five room cottage on Parkway and Chestnut Sts., Mrs. Laura Jones. (ad.)

Miss Daisy Gilbert was in Berea, Thursday.

J. C. Phillips of Goodland has been in Berea for about eight days. He is very ill at this writing.

Keep your eye open for the big "Buggy Day" at Welch's. (ad.)

Miss Sallie Bodkin is spending a few days with friends in Berea.

Judge T. J. Coyne was in Lancaster, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Frazier carts at Chrisman's. (ad.)

Mr. Crockett Ely and Miss Mary Abney were married at the M. E. Church, Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Haas.

Little Maurine VanWinkle was very painfully burned a few days ago, she having fallen against the stove while in the room alone. Altho her face was injured it is thought that the burn will leave no scar.

The best buggies in the world at Welch's. (ad.)

Mrs. Lena Holcolm has purchased the building lot back of the M. E. Church and expects to build.

The young women's class of the Christian church gave a social at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Keitch last Wednesday night.

No other concern dares to give a guarantee like Welch's. Why? Because they haven't got the quality. (ad.)

Mr. and Mrs. Zeal Logsdon are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter in their home, Sunday, April 13. Her name is Nancy Elizabeth.

Mr. Joe Bender of Richmond was in town at the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bates returned Monday from a short visit with their son, Mr. Greer Bates, at his home near Palmouth, Ky.

Mrs. Laura Jones has just returned from Cincinnati with a full line of hats, velvets, ribbons and anything you want in the millinery line. (ad.)

The Racket Store

SEE CLARKSTON FOR
Plows, Disc Harrows
and Farming Implements

MAIN STREET, near Bank

TELEPHONE NO. 40 CALLS
W. O. MOORE, at the Nicely Stand

For all kinds of FEED and BREAD STUFFS, Potts' Flour and Meal in any quantity, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Sheep Stuff and Chicken Feed. We are able to furnish feed in car load lots.

Mrs. Ralph Rigby, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Roberts, Miss Douglas, Miss Atkinson and Miss Evans.

The College bell will hereafter give seven minutes between classes. The first bell will ring one minute, then after four minutes it will toll again for two minutes. This will be for all classes, except the 7:40, 10:00 and 1:30 classes.

Prof. Horace E. Cromer went to Clinton last Saturday morning.

Prof. Dinsmore is scheduled to give an important address this summer at the summer session of Middlebury College in Vermont.

President Frost, together with Mr. Knight and Secretary Morton, went to Cincinnati over Sunday, where the President addressed the Hamilton County Teacher's Association, after which they were guests of the Schoolmaster's Club at luncheon, where the President again spoke. On Sunday Pres. Frost preached at the Presbyterian Church at Wyoming, O., and Mr. Knight and the Secretary spoke to the Christian Endeavor.

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Mr. Cornelius was in Livingston on business one day last week.

Mr. Egbert Davis was in Paris the first of the week.

Grass seeds, plows, and wire fence at Welch's. (ad.)

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It looks like everybody is going to Welch's. (ad.)

COLLEGE ITEMS

Mrs. F. B. Peckham returned last week to Berea, after a visit with her husband and his parents at Hiram, O. Mrs. Peckham met with difficulty on the way, the trains not being able to go either way for a time on account of the floods near Columbus.

Miss Conway, who taught in Berea last fall, and, who after leaving here became a teacher at Columbus, Ohio, was among those who lost their lives in the floods in that city. The water rushed into her school room just after her pupils had been dismissed, and she herself was just preparing to leave. All her pupils, however, escaped.

Mrs. Phoenix Jones, who has been here with her family all winter, went to her home in Danville last Saturday. Before she left she gave a reception to her friends at Boone Tavern.

Mrs. F. O. Clark entertained eight students at a delightful dinner on Dr. Pearson's birthday.

Miss Smith, the President's Secretary, and her mother arrived, Friday evening, from St. Augustine, Florida, where the latter has been spending the winter.

There were several walking parties last Monday in spite of the cloudy weather.

Tennis is becoming quite fashionable this spring.

Mrs. Mary Faulkner, who is a nurse at the Berea College Hospital, is leaving to go to Oklahoma, where she will be with her brother.

Mr. W. R. Griffin, an old student, is located at 38 Grove Ave., South Norwood, Cincinnati, O.

Clarence Miller and Luther Brown, former students, are both located at McVey, Pike County, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Taylor entertained at dinner last Saturday night several members of the faculty. Those enjoying the evening were Dr. Hoberts, Mr. and Mrs. Dick, Prof. and

Mrs. Ralph Rigby, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Roberts, Miss Douglas, Miss Atkinson and Miss Evans.

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The storm did not do very much damage here. It just washed down some fencing and a few bridges, and water gaps.

The people here were very sorry to hear of Mrs. Tom Huff's death at Berea. She was a daughter of Mr. Ned McHone and was raised in this neighborhood, and loved by all who knew her. Her sweet disposition made her many friends. She leaves a husband, two small children, a father, mother, and many friends to mourn her loss.

Mrs. P. T. Carpenter fell last week and broke her collar bone.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud McKeever spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Gabbard. They also took supper with Mrs. Grant Abrams.

Mr. Joseph Reece, Sr., is sick and has been very feeble for some time.

Mr. Sherman Collins and family from below Richmond came to see Mr. Reece, Saturday.

Mrs. Nathan Durham and little nephew, Nathan Robins, from Richmond also called on Mr. Joseph Reece.

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HARVEY H. BROCK

For County Superintendent

Born in Madison County; attended Public Schools at Lexington, Ky., graduated at Kentucky, now Transylvania University, in 1893; taught in County schools and afterwards served eleven years in Richmond as High School teacher, Principal and Superintendent.

Subject to the action of the Democratic party in the August Primary. Your vote will be appreciated.

A. Z. CHASE

One of the most delightful functions ever held in Berea, combining artistic beauty and literary merit, was the anniversary banquet of the A. Z. Literary Society on Monday night, in the College dining room. Covers were laid for one hundred and thirty.

The menu and program embodied all the features of "The Chase." The room, beautiful in itself, had been transformed by skilful hands into a literal forest of budding Spring beauty, ferns, dogwood, red bud, apple blossoms in profusion, with a background of evergreen. Just back of the Speaker's table a beautiful stag's head appeared, half hidden in scrubbery. The Society's colors blended most harmoniously with the subdued candle light, adding materially to the general effect.

The Menu, for which credit is due to Miss Parker, of the Domestic Science Department, was as follows:

FOREST FAIR

Honey Dew
Stuff Grouse Shot and Shell
Wild Plums Mint Julep
French Truffles Summersaults
Essence of Grouse
Snow Blossoms Frostflower
Jungle Tea
Mints

"The Hunter's Awakening" by the well balanced A. Z. orchestra, opened the "Chase." Toastmaster Cason sounded the Clarion in well chosen words, which gave zest to each new event.

Mr. Seales in epopey rhyme, introduced the society personnel. Mr. Inarie (Jack) in striking anecdote, revealed to all latent hidden powers. Dr. Hollerman, accompanied by H. E. Taylor, rendered a beautiful violin selection, "Bereuse," a typical, sprightly nymph dance, "Perseverance," a toast numorousque to the boys, was cleverly handled by Miss Newcomer. Glenn Porter proved master of the Chase in force and virility of address, taking as his subject, "Power of Expression."

The real gem of the evening was President Frost's address. His presence was doubly appreciated, for like historic Wolfe, he rose from a sick bed to lead his auditors to "The Heights, (not of Abraham) but to the "True Appreciation of Literature."

The Chase was completed in triumph by the "Baying of the Hounds," Sellers, Jack and Gordon Inrie, and Glenn Porter composing the quartette with voices richly modulated and balance perfect.

Much of the success of the evening was due to the tireless efforts of the Committee of Arrangements, Gordon Inrie, Chairman.



Best Groceries

for the least money
at thePalace Meat Market
and GroceryU. S. ROBERTS, Proprietor.
Coyne Building, Main St. Phone 57

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled.
It's like the vase in which flowers have once been distilled.
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

DR. PEARSONS' BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Continued from Page One

Song, Berea, Thy Sons to Thy Jubilee Throng—Quartette.

Some Other Berea Donors—President Frost.

Music by the Band.

Battle Hymn of the Republic by the Audience.

Dr. Roberts reviewed the life of Dr. Pearson, drawing many valuable lessons from it and eloquently presenting them to his interested hearers.

President Frost was not present owing to a severe cold which he contracted on his recent trip, but his address was read by Dr. Hubbard who presided throughout the exercises. President Frost's address follows:

PRES. FROST'S ADDRESS

The longest and most strenuous life is, after all, only one bright speck on the long river of history. The building of institutions requires the piecing together of countless lives and the joining of innumerable hands. "One roweth and another reaps," and it is only in the great hereafter that they shall all rejoice together.

We celebrate today the birth, in far away Vermont mountains, of the great and kindly man who for sixteen years has been Berea's chief benefactor. It is well that with his memory we should celebrate those who built the Berea which he found here in 1885, and those who have cooperated with him in the great work. Only a few such can be mentioned at this time, and I shall select such as have a wide significance in the history of our nation as a whole.

To begin with, there was a Missionary Association which provided the meagre support of \$100 a year for Father Fee and Father Rogers while they were laying the foundations of our institution. The story of the beginning of the American Missionary Association reminds us of one of Cooper's sea tales.

It was back in the old days when the slave trade had been but recently prohibited. Somebody sighted a ship in Long Island Sound making queer motions. On going aboard it was found that strange things had happened. A number of bold men had taken the risk of disobeying the law and sailed the ship, Amisted, to the coast of Africa, and taken on a cargo of negro slaves, had started for Savannah. Among the slaves were some men of great strength, courage and ability. They did what was rarely attempted—they rose upon their captors, threw the majority of them into the sea, and, sparing the lives of two or three sailors, took direction of the ship and commanded that they be brought back to their native Africa. The white men disobeyed this command and finally brought up in Long Island Sound. Here they were seized by the U. S. war ship and taken to U. S. Court in New Haven, Conn. The white survivors were tried as pirates, the ship confiscated, and the U. S. Government undertook to return the slaves to their homes in Africa.

The whole case aroused wide-spread attention and interest. A committee of Christian men was formed to send back with these liberated slaves some missionaries who should begin the work of evangelization on the coast of Africa.

There is a curious incident connected with this adventure which occurred in my own family. My great-aunt, a half-sister of Dr. Cady, the architect, now a member of our Board of Trustees, took three or four of these slave girls into her house at Brooklyn to care for them until the ship should sail to carry them back to Africa. She had experiences with the pure uncivilized savages which were a topic of conversation as long as

she lived. The girls ate snails and bugs in the back yard, went crazy over all manner of colors and adornments, and whenever they could escape from the confinements of civilization. On one occasion my good aunt, looking out of her front window, saw a crowd gathered in the street gazing intently at her house. She at once surmised that her African guests were doing something unusual, and soon found that such was the case. It was raining heavily at the time, and the girls had found their way up to the flat roof of the house where they resumed their scant native costume and were dancing with delight in the freedom of the weather.

When you hear of the American Missionary Association you may remember that this was its origin. It was formed by gentlemen belonging to different religious denominations. Once organized, it undertook work for escaped slaves in Canada, and, for the free colored people of Cincinnati, and other border towns, and was the first organization ready to help the negroes who came into the Union lines at the beginning of the Civil War, and were called by Gen. Butler "contrabands."

If it had not been for this association, Fee and Rogers could not have done the work they did in Kentucky.

The American Missionary Association was also instrumental in founding Hampton Institute in Virginia and Fisk University in Tennessee. In later years other religious bodies have formed societies of their own for work in the south so that the American Missionary Association has finally been left to be supported only by the Congregationalists. But during all the years of its connection with Berea, it was like Berea itself, a non-sectarian organization.

The first man who gave money for Berea itself was Gerrit Smith. Gerrit Smith was one of the first millionaires in America, and inherited vast tracts of land in eastern and northern New York. Where he obtained his bent for good things I have never known. But he devoted a long life to doing good. He was one of the most powerful advocates of temperance when the temperance cause was young. And he was one of the most powerful workers for the cause of emancipation in the days of mobs and persecution before the war. At the conclusion of the war he showed his kindly feeling toward those whom he had opposed by assisting in bailing out Jefferson Davis from the military prison where he was confined.

Mr. Fee told me of his first interview with Gerrit Smith. He called upon him in Peterboro, N. Y., and told him of his intention to found an anti-slavery church and school in Kentucky. "It is impossible to do such a thing," said Mr. Smith. "I am going to try," said Brother Fee. "Well, here is \$50 to help you try," replied Gerrit Smith. Subsequently Gerrit Smith gave several thousand dollars to Berea. In the East Room of Ladies' Hall you may see his portrait. And in the little parlor are framed two checks, one for \$50 and one for \$1,000 which was sent to help in the last payment for the construction of that building.

Rev. Chas. Avery was another of Berea's early friends whose picture appears on our program today. He was a Methodist preacher in the vicinity of Pittsburgh who got rich by mistake, and used his riches for the glory of God. He left a large sum to a board of trustees to be used for the benefit of the freedmen. With that money they founded the Avery Institute at Charleston, S. C., and the Avery Institute of Pittsburgh, Pa., and they made appropriations to different schools. Berea received \$11,

000 which was used toward the purchase of our campus. This money, in the adjustment later, was turned over to Lincoln Institute.

A third helper in those earlier times was Gen. Oliver O. Howard. Howard was distinguished as the Christian soldier, a man who preached to his troops. Twice in our time he visited Berea and addressed the Union veterans. He was a personal friend of Lincoln who put him in charge of the Bureau for Freedmen and Refugees. This Bureau had charge of the work of caring for the Union people of the south many of whom were driven from their homes and in circumstances of great distress, as well as for the negroes who thronged the Union camps. When the war was over and the reconstruction began, this Bureau had considerable funds at its disposal, and Gen. Howard secured the appropriation of \$18,000 for the erection of the building which bears his name. This was the chief building of Rogers' administration. The bell hung in its tower. The lower story was occupied by recitation rooms, and, in fact, Howard Hall was the College for a number of years. It is a precious heirloom and we hope it may stand forever as a monument to those historic times.

Another of the great believers in Christian education was R. H. Graves of Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of Henry Ward Beecher's church. Mr. Graves and his brother were northern men, but engaged in buying and selling cotton and thus actively interested in the welfare of the south. Mr. Graves contributed several thousand dollars for the erection of our Ladies' Hall, and assisted Berea people in getting gifts from others. Two of his daughters are still living and send gifts to us every year.

The next name on our roll this morning is that of Mrs. Valeria G. Stone of Malden, Mass. Mrs. Stone inherited a large fortune and spent her time in studying the needs of the world. One need only look at her kindly face to know that she was one of the true saints of God. She left the bulk of her fortune to a board of trustees who were to distribute it according to their best judgment for the advancement of Christian education. These trustees offered to give \$10,000 to Berea College provided \$10,000 more could be raised so as to provide an endowment fund of \$50,000. The raising of this endowment was one of the great achievements of Fairchild's administration. And it brought Berea into the fellowship of a considerable number of other schools which had also received appropriations from the Stone estate.

Another of the distinguished faces on our program is that of William Thaw of Pittsburgh, the man who more than any other was the maker of the great Pennsylvania Railroad. William Thaw and John G. Fee became warm personal friends and Mr. Thaw gave \$1,000 a year during his life and left directions at his death that this gift should be continued five years longer. The last of these payments was made the first year I was in Berea.

Another name ever to be remembered in the history of Berea is that of Joseph H. Stickney. He was a great business man in Baltimore. His birth-place was in New England, but he spent his life in that southern city where the "worse sentiments" of the south were in the ascendency. It was at Baltimore that the United States troops, going to the relief of Washington, were mobbed in the streets. It was at Baltimore that the assassination of Lincoln was planned. No one knew how Mr. Stickney was troubled in spirit over these things. He was always in his office at his

great work for the advancement of business and the prosperity of the country. Few people solicited his aid. Once he gave \$10 to Berea College. But when he died his fortune was distributed among the great and good causes of the land. It was Joseph Stickney's money that built the Museum at Plymouth where the memorials of our Pilgrim Fathers are made safe forever. And he left Berea College \$5,000. That \$5,000 happened to be paid in 1893, the year of the great panic, and coming at the crucial moment, it probably saved Berea College from financial wreck.

Another benignant face on our program is that of Roswell Smith. Smith was a Connecticut man of great heart and business sagacity. In early life he resided for some years in Indianapolis and had business association with our Dr. Pearson. Later he returned to New York and became founder of the Century Magazine.

In some of the first years after the war, Father Rogers had a long interview with Roswell Smith, and Smith said to him—"Mr. Rogers, you are doing just the work that ought to be done. I am not a rich man, but I hope to be, and when I have some money I will certainly remember Berea. Many years passed and the Berea people forgot the promise. Many such promises are made and forgotten. But one day a Berea agent went into the office of the Century Company to ask for a gift of a few books for our library. He was called into the back office where Roswell Smith sat.

"Berea," said Roswell Smith, "is an institution that has long been on my mind. I have been wanting to get rich enough to help it in an effective way. When is your Commencement?" The Berea agent named the day. "Now," said Smith, "if you will invite George W. Cable and Washington Gladden to give addresses on that day in Berea I will be there, and I will pay the expenses of getting these speakers." From that day to his death Roswell Smith took an active interest in Berea. He came to Commencement and stayed a week, getting acquainted with many of our citizens. He immediately took steps for meeting the great need of the institution which was then a suitable classroom building. Lincoln Hall was planned and the greater part of the money given by Mr. Smith himself. Had he lived longer Berea would have been richer. Five years ago his daughter gave \$3,000 for installing the steam heat in the building given by her father.

Another portrait on our leaflet is that of Andrew Carnegie, the only man still living in this great list. Mr. Carnegie has given away more money than any other man that ever lived, and he has given in a methodical and purposeful way. There is great danger that when rich men give large sums, men not so rich will be inclined to hoard their money and become selfish. It is for this reason that Mr. Carnegie, like Dr. Pearson, has made his chief gifts conditional. He will give provided enough other people will join to make it certain that the enterprise to which he gives has a large body of loyal supporters.

His first gift to Berea was our beautiful library building for which he contributed \$30,000 on the condition that we should spend \$3,000 a year in its up-keep and administration.

But his great gift was for that Adjustment Fund which we were forced to raise when the colored students were excluded from Berea. Few of you know, and few people ever knew, the distress occasioned by this law. We were forced to reverse the policy of forty years and make separate pro-

tection for our colored students. This could only be done by raising a great sum of money. As a matter of fact, few people believed this money could ever be raised. Mrs. Belknap of Louisville gave us \$5,000, Mrs. Mather of Cleveland another \$5,000, and Mrs. Pickering of Boston \$25,000, but the times were hard and a great deal of money had to be raised month by month to keep Berea in operation. Years dragged by and it seemed impossible that we should ever secure the money and acquit ourselves of our obligation to the colored people. Then it was that Andrew Carnegie came forward with his great pledge of \$200,000. He has done many noble deeds of benefaction, but very few of them will out-rank the lasting importance of this gift in Berea's time of need.

Now there are other donors as great or greater than some of these whose story we must tell on some other commemorative day.

Two things more should be said before we close. Equally meritorious with these donors of great sums are those who, of smaller means, have contributed according to their ability. The gifts of five and ten dollars which have come with love and prayer equally with these great gifts, have been the making of Berea. People who pray for the coming of Christ's Kingdom and who study the map of the world love to give to Berea College. Their gifts come to us from very humble homes. They are the fruit of self-denial, they challenge our admiration, they call forth our gratitude, they give an incentive to our efforts, they prove the present help of Divine Providence.

But the most important thing to be said today is this:

For sixty years Berea has been sustained by the gifts of strangers. From now on she must be sustained by the gifts of her own children. There are already a multitude of Berea's former students who appreciate in some degree what they have received from her, and what she is doing for the cause of Christ in the world. We have just begun to raise a little money for our Kentucky Hall and it is a great pleasure to each one who joins in that movement. More and more of Berea's own children will be found to contribute to her support. She was founded by signs and wonders here in the wilderness, she has been brought to her position of commanding influence by the wise benefactions of the great, far-seeing, consecrated spirits of the age, and she will now be given over to the care of those whom she has herself trained and benefited.

INTERCOLLEGiate CONTEST

The Oratorical Contest of the State Intercollegiate Prohibition Association will occur in the Chapel, Monday evening, April 21st, at which Mr. Bratcher of Georgetown, President of the Association will preside.

Contestants from Richmond State Normal, Wilmore College, Georgetown College and Berea College will be present, Mr. Randolph Sellers representing Berea.

Prof. F. of Columbia, Mo., President Smith of Ada, Ok., and President Dabney of Cincinnati, O., judges of thought and composition, have examined the orations and their decisions are now in the hands of Mr. Carter B. Robison, the State Secretary. The judges of the delivery are yet to be determined.

Enthusiastic crowds are expected to accompany the contestants in which Berea will take the lead.

BEREA BANK & TRUST CO.

Report of the Condition of THE BEREA BANK & TRUST CO., doing business at the town of Berea, county of Madison, the State of Kentucky, at the close of business on the 4th day of April, 1913.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$96,869.03
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	1,046.82
Due from Banks.....	15,004.68
Cash on hand.....	3,554.14
Checks and other cash items.....	248.14
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.....	17,331.52
Other Assets not included under any of above heads.....	300.00

TOTAL \$134,454.33

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in, in cash.....	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	5,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	1,531.49
Deposits subject to check.....	\$57,781.76
Time	

His Rise to Power

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER



Read of This Stirring Battle Against Civic Evils That Are, and For the Honor and Justice That Should Everywhere Prevail

SYNOPSIS

Senator Murchell, leader of the state machine, and Sheehan, local boss of New Chelsea, offer the nomination for district attorney to John Dunmeade. Dunmeade is independent in his political ideas.

Dunmeade with accept the nomination. His father, a partisan judge, congratulates him. Aunt Hoberta urges John to call on Katherine Hampden, daughter of a capitalist.

Katherine Hampden is a worshiper of success. She and John are friends. Jeremy Applegate, a political dependent, campaigns for John and the state ticket.

In New Chelsea lives Warren Blake, a model young bank cashier, connected with Hampden in "High Finance." They try without success for John's aid.

The rottenness of politics in his state and partly as revealed in his campaign disgraces John. He calls upon Katherine.

That evening Katherine was to be found on the terrace. She was looking particularly well, a fact of which she was not altogether unconscious. But she was restless and wandered aimlessly into the library where she found her father busy at his desk on which lay a profusion of papers and blue prints. He nodded absently.

"Still at work, dad? Don't you ever get tired of it?"

"I guess it's the only thing I know how to do. My generation was never taught to take pleasure seriously. You needn't complain, though. You're not going to tell me that you're not going to live with him?"

She yawned. "There seems to have been a devastating epidemic. You will kindly proceed to amuse me."

"All this gorgonness wasted!"

She yawned again. "I was rather looking for John Dunmeade this evening."

"Hence that gown and that stunning new arrangement of the hair? You're not going to fall in love with an incompetent one horse country lawyer, are you?"

"It is not beyond the bounds of possibility," she laughed. "But is John an incompetent? I don't believe it."

"He is. He proved it today. I gave him the chance to make some money, more than he is likely to make in five years, and he turned it down—for sentimental reasons! And the worse of it is he didn't turn it down regretfully, but bluntly, quite as though it didn't matter. That sort of man won't go far."

"He told me once that he didn't care much for money. I thought then he wasn't posting."

"And," Hampden continued the ta-

dictment, "he virtually called me a crook."

"Well?"

"Well—what?"

"Are you?" And she added quickly, seeing his look of aggrieved astonishment, "But of course I know you aren't."

"I am not," he said emphatically. "I have always kept my operations strictly within the law, and that is more than a good many men who aren't called crooks can say. Of course," he went on, "I know perfectly well I'll not be consulted when you come to marry. You will choose your husband according to your own taste!"

"I have the right," she interrupted, "since I shall have to live with him!"

"Unless I have to support him!"

"You wouldn't have to," she said positively, "even if he were poor. I can do without luxury."

"You think you can," he answered. "You're never had to try. But even if you could do without it, you couldn't be content with mediocrity. You'd want to be in the thick of things, with a husband who'd wear a No. 8 hat, who'd have big wants and would put up a big fight to get what he wanted. And if you ever took the bit in your mouth, Lord pity you and your husband!"

"Do you know," she said thoughtfully, "I've been thinking just that. Still, John Dunmeade—we're still discussing him, aren't we?—isn't exactly commonplace. He really has brains and he is attractive. In politics—

"He would be out of place. You know nothing of politics. He'd have less chance there than in business."

"We are really anticipating the event. He hasn't asked me to marry him, and he doesn't intend to. I think he strongly disapproves of me, even while he likes me."

CHAPTER V.

Explorations.

BEFORE the real leaders in the warfare against privilege, cool headed, farseeing, combining caution and courage came forward to give form and direction to the uprising of the lonely protagonists had appeared—young men mostly, audacious egoists who, the people said, thought they were wiser and better than other men, dared to criticize what their neighbors accepted and presumed to instruct their elders. In the end they were broken, silenced—safely unaware that in the subcon-

scious memory of men the echo of their protest was still ringing. They are forgotten now.

John Dunmeade was a normally intelligent young man, healthy of mind and conscience, who had never been tempted, hence never tested. He had heard the protestants of his day, of course, but they dealt with problems so remote from his own simple existence that he had carelessly accepted his elders' appraisement of them. He had an ingenuous belief in the goodness and goodness of men who attained high position in life, such men as Senator Murchell.

Despite his charity and credulity, he was, when occasion presented itself quick to see the fundamental vertices of the case—as Stephen Hampton had learned.

He was not unmindful, although the spark had smoldered until, apparently from nowhere in particular, had come the suggestion of his nomination. When he perceived the distinct approach with which his neighbors revolved the suggestion his heart leaped within him. They were a good, kind people if he should prove a faithful servant in little perhaps—with unaffected modesty he contemplated the prospect to him might be committed service of high scope.

The conceded fact that his nomination came solely by grace of Murchell's and Sheehan's decree caused him vague misgivings. Jeremy Applegate's plaint startled him. Hampden's offer did not tempt—it revolted him. What troubled him most was that these things were done in the light of day and that no one—Jeremy did not count, the victim would naturally protest—seemed to care.

After careful consideration of his imposing bank account John invested a part of it in a horse despite the taunting of Aunt Hoberta, who accused him of "Joining the cavalry"—to wit, Warren Blake and the troop of undergraduates that clattered over the roads at Crusader's heels. He was not a thoroughbred, blue ribbon winner, like Crusader, but just a plain horse that, with buggy attached, could trot a mile in something less than five minutes or if you weren't particular as to gait would beat you in the middle all day with equal willingness. He was a big, raw-boned beast with a Roman nose and eyes continually showing white, which quite belied his plowful temper, and John called him Lightning. So John and Lightning, two industrious game

playmates, between whom a perfect understanding existed, went about their business of getting votes—and learning.

Lightning's duties generally consisted in standing under the shade of some tree, while John, a volunteer who at least earned his dinner, worked with the farmers in the fields. And over the dinner table or when the day's work was done John chatted with the farmers. The labor was good for his muscles and digestion, and the chat was good for his soul.

Often he found that Jeremy Applegate or one of Jeremy's fellow scouts had blazed the trail for him. But sometimes he found skeptics who asked pertinent questions.

"Why should I vote for ye?" asked Dan Criswell, a citizen of Halloway township, one evening.

John began to putter the stock party arguments, which carried conviction neither to the skeptical Criswell nor of a sudden—to himself. He broke off abruptly in the middle of a sentence.

"As you say," he laughed uncomfortably. "Why should you vote for me?"

"Does sound kind of foolish, don't it? Reckon ye won't have nothin' to do with the tariff or the single gold standard nor prosperity neither. The bull party won't make ye git after the law-breakers if ye check by jowl with Jim Sheehan an' he don't want it. What I want to know is are ye honest—or will ye take orders?"

"That sounds logical," John assented. "It's common sense. Only most candidates think we're too simple to think on. An' I don't know as they're for wrong," he added thoughtfully.

When John left, however, Criswell shook hands with him cordially. "I guess I'll vote for ye this time. I can't swaller the bull ticket, though—stomach wouldn't stand it. Ye look like ye'd be yer own man. Leastways, I chance it."

And John replied, troubled, "I won't regard that as a promise. I'm not sure that you ought to vote for me."

Another day he met one Sykes, a hill farmer, a little, wizened fellow who looked as though he had worn himself out in the struggle to wring a living out of the steep slopes.

"I ain't voting," he said.

"Well," John laughed cheerfully, "if I can't get a vote I'll be content with information. Will you tell me why you won't vote?"

"Well, if ye will have it, Jim Sheehan nominated ye. If ye'd been the right kind of man he wouldn't have nothing to do with ye. Anybody he's for, I'm against. I recollect when he come to Plumville, nothin' but a drinkin' bum. An' now he's got rich, buildin' his street an' roads an' taxin' me heavy to pay for it while it keeps me scratchin' to get the intrust on my mortgage. How do I know he's crooked? I don't know—I feel it. An' I know that no one gets the nomination less'n he says so. Or Murchell—an' they're tarred with the same stick."

John's face was grave. "Then you ought to vote the opposition ticket. I'd rather you'd do that than not vote at all."

The momentary flicker of passion died down. "What's the use?" was the reply, duly given. "However, I vote some feller like Sheehan git on top."

John sought counsel from his father. But to the Judge Caesar's wife—that is to say, his party and all things thereto appertaining—was above suspicion; not so the motives of him who raised a question. So he took his trouble to Jim Cranshaw, the office visitor to whom John's deference had attracted Sheehan's attention, a big man, kindly, shrewd, with wisdom in the raw. He listened sympathetically as John poured out his tale.

"It's like what Sykes says. It ain't what we know. It's what we feel. When Jim Sheehan gits a public contract, we feel there's somethin' crooked about it. When a man gits a nomination, we feel that he's made some kind of deal with Sheehan. When we put up a man on our own hook, an' he's nominated—which ain't often—we feel he's gone over to Sheehan. An' that ain't feel. It's know. Jim Sheehan's represented; we ain't. It ain't right!"

"Then why don't you get together and fight?"

"We've got to live," Cranshaw answered simply. "We don't lay by money fast enough to keep us without workin'. We ain't got the time nor the trainin' to make a good fight against him. We've got no leader."

His eyes, through the bushy brows, rested with an almost wistful light on the troubled countenance before him. "An' it'd take a large sized man for the job."

John just then felt very small.

He went to Plumville, an ugly, grimy, bustling, growing hive of workers, with its drones too. He had the key to interpret what he saw. He was permitted to go through the mills and meet the men; he came out with hands blackened from much contact with their hands and in the smut he felt a sort of pride. What he had read on the farmers' brown faces he saw on their red, scurvy ones—the dull-eyed suspicion of those used to flattery before election and neglect afterward. Under the careful chaperonage of Sheehan's lieutenants he was led into political club and saloon, where he shook hands with many more men, who gazed with quantities of liquor and sneered openly at his abstineness. He was told that here he would meet "men who counted;" he did meet such men—brutish things, moral idiots, chintz creatures bound together by the cohesive force of common interest—plunder. This army never slept, could always be relied upon.

"What a self centered beast I have been!" he cried within himself. "All this rottenness under my nose, and I have never perceived it!" A great fear came upon him—fear of the responsibility of that into which he felt himself being carried.

And there was another thing that deepened those twin creases between his eyes.

One morning a very sleek, high stepping colt drawing a very elegant trap baited before his office, a circumstance of which you may be sure New Chelsea took prompt and interested notice.

"Why, hell!" he exclaimed, extending his hand to the visitor. "This is fine!"

She observed him hesitating. "It is Mr. Dunmeade, isn't it? Yet I think I should have recognized you anywhere. You haven't changed much, though it has been a long time since I last saw you. Aren't you ashamed of having neglected me so long?" she concluded indignantly.

"Well, you see, Katherine," he grinned, lamely explanatory, "I've been out campaigning."

"You might at least have come to report your progress to an interested constituent. Are you aware that you and I are going over to inspect the new house this afternoon? It's completed, and you've never seen it yet."

"But I ought to see some men—"

"Do you think," she interrupted him again, "that I've set all the tongues in New Chelsea chattering for nothing? Your campaign can wait. We shall start at 2."

He hesitated, then surrendered. "Oh, hang it all! I've earned a holiday. I'll go."

She beamed brightly on him. "That's nice of you. And we shall ride. I want to race Crusader against that new steed I've heard so much about."

"Oh, no!" he protested. "The aristocratic Crusader would probably snub him, and Lightning is very sensitive about such things."

"It is time," she insisted firmly, "that Crusader acquired a more democratic spirit. At 2, remember?"

A few minutes before the appointed hour New Chelsea saw Lightning—curled as never before in his life—amble in his own peculiar fashion up Main street to the opening in Hampden's hedge, whence he soon emerged in the company of the satiny Crusader.

They came after a half hour's ride to a long, straight avenue, once the rain washed lane to a farmhouse, newly graded and gravelled and flanked by precise rows of towering poplars.

"It was for the trees we took this place," she told him. "And for the view. Do you wonder?"

They stopped and looked down into the valley lying ahead before them like some vast, deserted amphitheater of the gods. The town, seen through the thin, bluish haze of September, seemed sleepier than ever, half hidden by its trees; the spires of the churches and schoolhouse standing up like exaggerated exclamation points. "Which

may be the tins, are young. We'll soon have our own little colony."

"And the slope of New York?"

"A foolish expedition from which we have discreetly retreated." Her laugh did not ring quite so free as usual. She continued: "It was humiliating to think to people who despise you for your presumption." The crimson flushed resentfully to her cheeks. He said nothing.

"Thank you for not asking questions. It's foolish for me to be so sensible about it, but," she shrugged her shoulders, "your experience wasn't pleasant. I like the new rich. I like to meet men who are doing things—who are making their own conquests, not riding on the fruits of others' conquests."

He sat silent. To win always to win was the sum of this girl's philosophy, with no thought of its cruelty or realization that for every victor there must be many losers. And wealth, power, the things a man had, were the badge of his victory.

She was laughing at him. "What do you think when you retire into yourself so rudely? Anything profitable or interesting?"

"I'm afraid not. Do you think winning is all of life?"

"Isn't it?"

"No," he cried. "There is the use of strength. If one is strong, to support the weak!" He paused abruptly, conscious of the triteness and futility of his words, with the shyness of the man who, self conscious without conceit, fears to uncover his ideals before an sympathetic eyes.

"Oh, John Dunmeade," she replied impatiently, "you're so disappointing with your schoolboy platitudes."

He made no answer; the quick red rushed to his face. And why should she interest herself in his ideals? A long, troubled silence fell between them.

"John," she said suddenly, "was it necessary for you to criticize and quarrel with my father?"

"I did not criticize him," he responded quickly, "and there is no quarrel that I am aware of. We merely differed in opinion on a business matter, each believing he was right."

"Will you tell me why you think him wrong?"

He found his lips sealed. "I haven't criticized him," he said gravely, "and I can't begin now, especially to his daughter."

The afternoon was spoiled. Into her face had come a look almost of hardness, like the swift shadow of a cloud over the fields on a sunny day, the absence of which had given her the sweet, frank girliness. What had he to do with this girl to whom luxury was a matter of course? Why did her impatience with him ideals trouble him?

"Let us go home," she said.

They went to the horses. From the beginning Crusader behaved badly.

"Be careful!" she cautioned her, as they turned into the public road. "That horse wants to bolt."

"I told you he lacks common sense sometimes," she laughed.

As though to illustrate this saying Crusader now began a series of short, cramped plunges, rearing and tossing violently to loosen the steel thing cut into his mouth.

She brought her crop stinging down on the horse's flanks. Crusader broke her grip on the reins, took the bit between his teeth and, head low, raced madly down the hill.

John did not stop to consider the uselessness of risking his own life. His arm rose and fell continuously as he tried to beat more speed into his horse to close the rapidly widening gap between him and the flying Crusader.

HOME COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE

FOURTH ARTICLE—TYPE OF MODEL FARMING.

By W. J. SPILLMAN, Agriculturist
In Charge of Farm Management, Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture.

THIS method of management on a fifteen acre farm that raises all the roughage for thirty head of stock, seventeen of which are cows in milk, cannot fail to be of interest to farmers in all parts of the country. The farm in question is situated in southeastern Pennsylvania, near a large city. About thirteen acres are in cultivation, the remaining two acres being occupied by buildings, yard, etc. This farm was purchased in 1881 with a mortgage of \$7,200 upon it. For the first year the farm lacked \$40 of paying expenses. During the next six years the mortgage was paid.

The soil of the farm is a reddish, somewhat gravelly clay. It was so run down in 1881 that it did not support the two cows and one horse kept upon it. It has been brought up to its present remarkable state of fertility solely by the use of stable manure applied directly from the barn as it was produced. The system of handling manure is such that not an ounce is lost, either liquid or solid. No commercial fertilizer have ever been used, and no manure has been hauled from the city.

The crops are ordinarily all fed and are thus largely returned to the land in the manure. Of course much valuable fertilizer is added to the farm an-



MILKING AT THE MODEL FARM.

mainly from the rich manure fed to the cows. The roughage is all raised on the farm, but all the grain is bought.

The owner, a minister with no previous experience in farming, has read whatever agricultural literature has been available. The writer has never seen a farm on which system is more pronounced a feature. A peculiar feature of the management is that each of the principal operations is performed on a fixed day each succeeding year or as near to it as the weather will permit. The farm is more nearly independent of the weather than any other soil the writer has ever seen.

The farm is strictly a dairy farm, the only products regularly sold being milk and a few head of young cattle each year. The cows are mainly registered Jerseys, not only pure bred, but well bred. Scrupulous cleanliness is observed.

One man and a boy do the labor of the farm, except in hay harvest and during the cutting of slugs, but these have all they can do. On a farm of this size, with high priced land, pastures are out of the question. There is not even a barn lot. The thirty head of stock remain in the barn the year round.

The writer has never seen a thrifter, better kept herd of cows. They are fed balanced rations every day in the year. Every feed consists of three parts. A portion of it is some succulent material—silage in winter and rye, timothy and clover, corn, peas and oats or some other green crop in summer. A second portion consists of dry hay or fodder. This is used to give the manure proper consistency and adds much to the convenience of caring for the cows. A third portion consists of mill products, of which three kinds are used—bran, oilmeal and gluten. The proportion of concentrates fed depends on the condition of the cow and is regulated by the flow of milk and the manure consistency.

The soiling crops used are as follows: Green rye, beginning about May 1 and continuing about four weeks or until the rye is ready to cut for hay; then timothy and clover are fed till peas and oats are ready. When the latter is cut for hay the silo is opened (about July 4), and allage is fed till early corn (planted May 8) is ready. Enough of this is planted (about one-fourth acre) to last till late corn (planted about June 22) is ready. Late corn is then fed till it is time to put it in the silo. From this time forward allage is fed daily till green rye is available in the spring. No abrupt change is ever made.

These carefully kept cows are given

four ounces of salt each, daily, mixed with their feed. The cows are fed three times a day, and the salt is divided among the three feeds. Fine table salt is invariably used.

Every particle of roughage fed on this farm, including hay and all soiling crops, is cut in quarter inch length. Even the bedding is cut thus.

There are two round silos on the farm, each ten feet in diameter and thirty-four feet high. These together hold about 100 tons of silage, and this quantity of corn silage is produced on four acres, planted about June 22. Eleven men, three teams and a traction engine to run the cutter are employed in filling the silos.

There is no systematic rotation of crops on this farm. It is not necessary since every foot of land receives an abundance of manure every year or two. Every green crop grown on the place is utilized for soiling purposes, more or less, the surplus being converted into hay or silage. The crops grown are rye, timothy and clover, corn, peas and oats and millet. At least two crops a year are harvested from most of the fields. The grass crop is a mixture, the seed sown being as follows: Red clover, six quarts; timothy, five quarts; vetch, two and one-half pounds; redtop, one pound.

The farm is divided into twelve small parcels, varying in size from one-fourth acre to two and one-quarter acres. In April, 1903, six of these (five or six acres in all) were in grass. About half of this was sown the last week in August, 1903, one-fourth in 1901 and one-fourth in 1902. That sown in 1900 was cut once for hay in the spring of 1903 and then plowed for late corn. The crops which preceded these plots of grass were in two cases rye, grown the preceding winter.

When this was cut for soiling or for hay the ground was plowed and harrowed into fine tilth. One and a half bushels per acre of clean millet were then sown. This was cut for hay before it had made seed. The land was plowed again and harrowed into tilth. Grass seed was then sown broadcast late in August. Sowing thus early, using no nurse crop, gives a full crop the next year. In fact, because of the farm's fertility, three large crops are cut the next year after sowing grass in August. Two cuttings are made the second year. In the spring of the third season, if the crop promises to be abundant, a crop of hay is taken before breaking up the sod for late corn. If the grass crop is scanty the sod is broken earlier for any crop for which it may be needed. The sod is always heavily top dressed during the winter before it is broken up.

Some of the fields are kept in rye in winter and corn in summer indefinitely. Rye is sown broadcast at the rate of two bushels per acre, the seed being covered by a spring tooth harrow. The hay made from this rye is readily eaten by the stock, but a part of it is used for bedding. The following year the following people are testing them this year on their farms: Berea College, Prof. F. O. Clark, L. O. Lester and J. W. Herndon; John Welch is also planting them on a small field to be hogged off and plowed under to enrich the soil.

Another crop that has never been tried here is sweet clover. It is a

INTENSIVE FARMING

Conducted by FRANK S. MONTGOMERY, M.S., Instructor in Animal Husbandry, and Special Investigator.

Boys' and Girls' Club Work

There is no easier way to earn money for a term's schooling than by raising corn, potatoes, or garden truck by the club methods.

There is still room for a few more boys and girls in our corn, potato, and garden and canning clubs. If you are unable to see Mr. Montgomery this week write him a postal or leave word at The Citizen office and he will come and help you select ground

FERTILIZER EXPERIMENTS

Mr. G. G. Marsh, State representative of the German Kali Company, was in Berea a few days ago and arranged for several local experiments with potash fertilizer. The plan of the experiment is to see if potash is needed in our soil, and it is tested in the following way: One quarter acre is treated with a complete fertilizer; another has phosphate and ammonia but no potash, and a third quarter has no fertilizer at all. Mr. J. J. Moore, Jesse Baugh, Walter Whyland and Prof. F. O.

Clark have undertaken to conduct these experiments for several years. A rotation of crops from year to year is necessary.

NEW CROPS INTRODUCED

Through the agency of Mr. Montgomery, Canada field peas have been sent out by the Agricultural Department to be tested in this locality. The following people are testing them this year on their farms: Berea College, Prof. F. O. Clark, L. O. Lester and J. W. Herndon; John Welch is also planting them on a small field to be hogged off and plowed under to enrich the soil.

This is destined to be a great fruit center within ten years. Will you be one of those to get in on the ground floor?

HIGHWAY HINTS.

The relation between good roads and higher, more substantial real estate values is coming to be understood.

If you don't do something to hold the material on your roads then the automobile will blow it over the fences.

Our educational institutions should appreciate the necessity for comprehensive instruction in road construction and maintenance.

Improved wagon roads are now seen to have possible consequences which even dreamers could not foretell.

The state or nation that remains content with bad roads is standing still while the rest of the world moves on.

No public movement will lead to greater results in the development of any county, state or nation than the one for good roads.

The state or nation that remains content with bad roads is standing still while the rest of the world moves on.

Good roads will lead to greater results in the development of any county, state or nation than the one for good roads.

The state or nation that remains content with bad roads is standing still while the rest of the world moves on.

Good roads will bring them prosperity and help community.

In order to have a prosperous state it is necessary that the wage earner as well as the farmer and business man be prosperous. No other factor of our civilization contributes more to the glory of the city than good roads. They distribute the necessities of life from the source of production to the place of consumption. Economy of transportation is regarded by all as the chief factor in the cost of living.

Good roads will bring to the man with the dinner pail cheaper and better food products. Good roads will give labor a lift by placing millions of dollars in circulation among the toilers of the state. Good roads are a stimulus not only to agriculture, but also to industrial and commercial growth. The canals, steam roads and the electric roads were all agencies in developing the prosperity of our thriving state, but the building of a state system of modern roads will bring renewed energy to our cities, mills, factories and farms of greater magnitude than any of these other great factors of prosperity.—Ohio Better Roads.

GOOD PLACE FOR MODEL ROAD

Senator Martin Suggests That It Be Built to Mount Vernon.

The president has been strongly urged to direct the expenditure of \$500,000 recently appropriated by congress for the construction of a great experimental road from Alexandria, Va., to Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington.

The request was made by Senator Martin and Representative Carlile of Virginia, who declared that not only would the construction of this road meet all the requirements of the law, but would gratify the country.

Congress appropriated for an experimental postal road with the object of encouraging the movement for good

and plan for the crop.

Mr. Taylor has promised to buy 100 bushels of dried beans, and a large number of sweet potatoes and other garden truck. There is always a market for good canned goods, and corn is in demand everywhere. Especially good seed corn, and every corn club boy should get at least \$20 worth of seed corn from his acre besides 50 to 75 bushels of good horse corn and the fodder.

All these experiments will be watched with interest and it is hoped they will all reveal some valuable facts to our farmers.

THE ORCHARD

Have you taken time to prune your orchard yet? It is now rather late but it can be done yet if care is used not to peal the bark of the trees.

Spraying should also be done if you want fruit that you can sell. It is impossible to raise apples and peaches free from worms any longer without spraying.

Twenty farmers around Berea should spray this spring and summer and Mr. Mullitt, Prof. Clark, or Mr. Montgomery will be only too glad to give you all information necessary to begin the work.

This is destined to be a great fruit center within ten years. Will you be one of those to get in on the ground floor?

roads. Senator Martin had understood that the appropriation was to be divided into small sums for each state, and that the department of agriculture, which will handle the appropriation, contemplated taking many small bites at the cherry.

The Virginia senator and representative pointed out that these numerous experiments would accomplish little in their opinion and would be far removed from the eye of the officials in Washington, who would be most deeply concerned in the experiment.

They suggested that if the money were spent in one block in building a road to Mount Vernon the country would be pleased and the movement for good roads would be helped much more than if the piecemeal plan were adopted.

VALUE OF GOOD ROADS.

The Economy of Time is Chief Factor in Their Favor.

No one questions the statement that good roads have a high money value to the farmers of the nation, and it may be said that this alone is sufficient to justify the cost of their construction as rapidly as practicable under an efficient, economical and equitable system of highway improvement.

The big point in favor of this expenditure is the economy of time and force in transportation between farm and market, enabling the growers to take advantage of fluctuations in buying and selling, as well as enhancing the value of real estate. It is estimated that the average annual loss from poor roads is 75 cents an acre, while the estimated average increase resulting from improving all the public roads is \$9.

The losses in five years would aggregate \$2,432 for every section of land, or more than enough to improve two miles of public highway. The necessity of good roads is obvious, as it would enhance the value of each section of land about \$5,700, or more than double the estimated cost of two miles of improved highway, which constitutes the quota for 600 acres of land.

Good roads will bring to the man with the dinner pail cheaper and better food products. Good roads will give labor a lift by placing millions of dollars in circulation among the toilers of the state. Good roads are a stimulus not only to agriculture, but also to industrial and commercial growth. The canals, steam roads and the electric roads were all agencies in developing the prosperity of our thriving state, but the building of a state system of modern roads will bring renewed energy to our cities, mills, factories and farms of greater magnitude than any of these other great factors of prosperity.—Ohio Better Roads.

Cost of Bad Roads.

You can add all your taxes together and multiply the sum by three and it will hardly equal the tax you pay by using bad roads.

Ever notice how often a discarded newspaper is turned to the "Classified Advertising" page? Want ads are among the most thoroughly used columns of the daily press.

You can scarcely fail of results when you use a classified ad.

POULTRY

HANDY IN A POULTRY YARD

Water Device, Shown in the Illustration, Works Automatically—How It Is Made.

The illustration given herewith shows a handy device for watering chickens, written Richard Lee of Neosho Falls, Kan., in an exchange. Set an airtight keg or barrel on a stand or box with a small pipe A leading



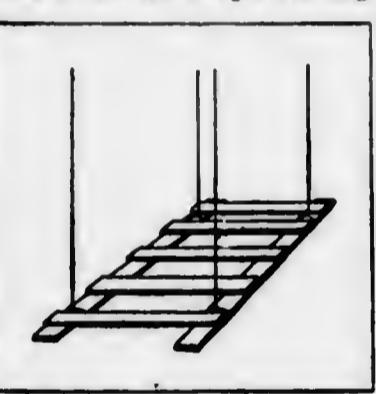
Automatic Chicken Waterer.

from the bottom of the keg to the bottom of the trough, while another pipe B extends from below the upper level of the trough up into the head of the barrel. Fill the keg and cork up tightly, then remove cork from bottom of pipe A and the water will run into the trough until it rises high enough to shut the air off at the lower end of pipe B, when the water will stop running. When the water in the trough is lowered enough to admit air into pipe B the water will again run from A.

RAT-PROOF CHICKEN ROOST

Ample Protection Afforded Against Predatory Animals by Device Suspended from Roof.

The accompanying illustration shows a convenient chicken roost which is proof against rats, mink and weasels. This roost is made of two pieces of plank four feet long, four inches broad and one inch thick; five pieces of plank three feet long, two inches broad and one thick; four pieces of wire about eight feet long.



Chicken Roost.

As shown in the illustration, the three-foot pieces are nailed crosswise to the four-foot pieces and a wire attached to all four corners. It is then suspended from the roof in the chicken house with the front end of the roost about sixteen inches from the floor while the back should be twenty-seven inches.

WHEN TO SELL FOR PROFIT

Different Feeds Have Much to Do With Money Returned—Seven Months Is Best Age.

(By W. C. HOSTAND.) I write only from my own experience of over 20 years in raising hogs for the market.

Different localities and different feeds make a great deal more or less profit in the keep of the hog. Some feed too long and consume part of the profit, while others feed not long enough or liberally enough to make what they ought to make.

I run all my hogs on alfalfa from birth until sold, either for breeders or for the packer, and as soon as they weigh 200 pounds each, or about that, I sell or kill them.

If you are feeding pure-blooded hogs (especially if the blood is red) they will weigh from 175 to 225 pounds each at six or eight months of age. I think seven months old is the best age, and the most profitable hog we can sell.

The younger you sell, the less risk of disease, the less trouble, time and feed it takes. The sooner you sell, the more room and the better care for the next litter.

The cheapest gain is made while the pig is small. A pig weighs about three pounds at birth. With reasonable care it will gain on an average one-fourth pound a day for the first 10 to 20 days.

So you see it doubles its weight in 12 days, and at 65 cents per bushel for corn, and \$1.50 for 100 pounds for shorts the first three pounds of gain cost about three and one-fourth cents per pound, allowing eight pigs to the litter for each sow.

Don't try to get the market ready for your hogs, but get your hogs ready for the market. Sell them when they are fat and not before. Keep the kind that top the market and you will make money if feed is high.

Registered hogs gain faster, bring more money for the feeder, and make more pounds of meat out of the grain fed them than any other animal on earth.

WHIT LEWIS

Will make the season of 1913, on my farm two and one half miles east of Kingston on the Muddy Creek Road, at \$10.00 to insure a living colt.

East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

ANNOUNCEMENT

For Representative

We are authorized to announce W. R. Reynolds of Jackson County as a candidate for Representative from the Counties of Jackson, Owsley and Clay before the Republican voters at the August Primary 1913. Your votes are respectfully solicited. (ad)

JACKSON COUNTY MCKEE

McKee, April 7.—Circuit Court closed last week—Green Eversole, who was sentenced to the penitentiary, was let out on trial to have a new trial next Court.—Sheriff L. C. Little left last Saturday for Frankfort. He took with him a prisoner who was sentenced there for shooting Mr. General Farmer.—J. J. Davis took the examination at Booneville last week and received law license.—Mrs. Dallie, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Davis, for several days, returned home, Saturday.—It. Hays went to Richmond, Sunday.—James Thacher bought a fine saddle and work horse last week for 125 dollars.—James Reynolds' uncle died Saturday. He leaves behind many friends.—The G. A. B. C. had a meeting at the Academy, Saturday night.—Rev. Pearl Blacker preached here last Monday night.—Rev. Messler preached in the Chapel, Sunday morning.—Magistrate C. E. Smith held court in town, Monday.

CARICO

Carico, April 14.—We are having some cool weather in this section.—Mrs. Hardy Johnson of Highland Park was visiting relatives at this place, Saturday and Sunday.—Mrs. Lily Smith is improving slowly.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hurley, the 10th, a fine girl. Her name is Rachel.—The Sunday School at Flat Top is getting along fine.—People of this place are preparing to plant corn.—Mr. John Shelton had a working last week and a fine day work done.—W. H. Evans of Lite was visiting relatives of this place, Saturday.—S. R. Roberts lost two nice hogs recently.—W. H. Roberts swapped his horse to Stephen Gabbard for a young mule.—Bert Summers cut his hand with a saw-tooth last week. It is giving him considerable trouble.

DOUGLICK

Doublielick, April 9.—Farmers are done sowing oats and are preparing corn ground.—Joseph Callahan had a log rolling, Wednesday.—J. W. Chasteen was in our midst, Monday.—Frank Johnson was in our community, Saturday.—Aunt Jane Martin of Clover Bottom visited her sister, Sallie Martin of this place from Friday until Sunday.—John and Walter Martin made a business trip to Livingston, Monday.—Miss Maggie McCollum attended church at Pine Grove, Sunday.—Mrs. Ollie Callahan is on the sick list at this writing.—Married, April 3rd, Mr. Hewitt Callahan of this place to Miss Ellen Hammond of Egerton.—Miss Nannie Kates is staying at J. R. Callahan's this week.—Bill Ballard of Robinet was a pleasant caller at Perry McCollum's, Sunday afternoon.

HUGH

Hugh, April 14.—There were preaching services at this place, Sunday, conducted by Revs. Clemons and Jones.—Martin Abrams is some better.—Several from this Creek attended church at John Clemon's, Saturday night.—T. W. Azbill of Blatchers Run has been working for G. Benge the past two weeks.—The peaches and apples have not been killed here.—Miss Anna Baker of Mt. Vernon visited her aunt, Mrs. Nannie Rose, last week.—Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Benge gave the young folks a singing last Friday night. Mrs. Alice Beuge also had a singing, Wednesday night.—Wilson VanWinkle has moved into the house vacated by G. M. Benge in Happy Hollow.—Miss Jeannie Kinsler who has been staying with her uncle at this place returned home, Saturday.—W. R. Benge and Flemont Azbill made a trip to Hamilton, recently to see about their relatives who, they feared, were drowned in the flood. They found all safe, but their property badly damaged.—Melvin Azbill whose house and household goods washed away in the recent flood has returned to Kentucky where he expects to remain for a while.—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson VanWinkle are the proud parents of a fine boy.—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Coyle of Berea visited their daughter at this place last Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. Salen Azbill of Paradise are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine girl. Her name is Verna Elizabeth.

GRAYHAWK

Gray Hawk, April 14.—Aunt Lizzie Peters is sick.—Hiram Judd had a log rolling and clearing the 12th.

Eighteen men were present. He got a fine day's work done.—Govan Begley who started to Hamilton to work for a while returned on account of the high water.—A. J. Privett is very poorly with back trouble at present.—Joel Begley has just got his garden wired in.—Mrs. Pauline Judd had a quilting the 12th. Twenty-five women were present. They got two quilts made.—The black mare of Uncle Dick Hayes broke her leg, Sunday, while running down the hill.—The Rev. W. A. Worthington preached at the Dutch Reform church, Sunday.

MAULDEN

Maulden, April 14.—The marshals of London made a raid in this vicinity this week and captured a moonshine still and also arrested two men.—Charles Farmer who has been sick some time is slowly improving.—Geo. Amyx who has been sick for a few days is better.—Stephen Farmer and Alber Frost made a business trip to Privett, Saturday.—Fred Montgomery has purchased a fine saddle horse.—H. D. Farmer made a business trip to McKee, Saturday.—E. B. Flanery made a trip to Richmond this week and purchased a fine mule.—Mrs. E. C. Cope who has been sick is better.

PARROT

Parrot, April 12.—Married, April 5, at the bride's home, Miss Ida Gabbard to Mr. Morris Gabbard, the Rev. Elijah Corbett officiating. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gabbard, the groom a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gabbard, both of this place. We wish the young couple a happy life.—Work on the new railroad will begin in a few days at East Bernstadt and by the mouth of Pond Creek to Laurel Fork.—The Letter Box baseball team played the Moore Creek team last Sunday. The score was 13 to 1 in favor of Letter Box.—Next Saturday and Sunday are regular church days at Letter Box.

OWSLEY COUNTY BLAKE

Blake, April 10.—The men are busily engaged in hauling logs to get them off their land before the farming season.—Some of the farmers are getting their ground ready to plant corn.—We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Newton Birch of Island City, caused by pneumonia. He leaves a wife and several small children.—Regular church at Walnut Grove the first Saturday and Sunday in each month. Meetings were held there last Saturday and Sunday with two new additions. They will be baptized in May.—Wm. Petera has moved from White Oak to Island City, but at his old home this week finishing his log hauling.—Miss Ota Mays, who has been visiting for several months with her sister in Illinois, turned home a few days ago. She had to come several hundred miles out of the way on account of the high water.—Died, Apr. 6th, Mrs. Roberts, wife of Mr. Dudley Roberts of Major. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Ramey of Booneville, on the 7th, and she was laid to rest in the old family graveyard at Brack Rowlands.—Alice Petera of Island City visited her brother, George Peters, last Sunday.—Miss Lina Petera is visiting her uncle, Alice Peters, of Island City, this week.

COW CREEK

Cow Creek, April 11.—Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Gabbard are the parents of a new girl baby.—John R. Abshier visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fox and Mr. and Mrs. Ealey Moore last week.—Hon. H. C. Eversole of South Fork has moved to South Booneville. Mr. Griffin's son has moved to his property, vacated by Mr. Eversole, for which he paid \$6,000.—Meredith Reynolds of Eversole and Mr. Mayes of Pebwill visited relatives here last Sunday.—R. W. Minter and Samuel Robinson are in Perry County buying hogs.—Logan Duff has erected a house on the W. B. Gabbard farm.—C. B. Gabbard is getting ready to have a new dwelling built.—Hogs are very scarce in this part and selling at 6-12 cents.—John L. Gabbard sold a mule for \$165. He bought a fine mare from Bony Callahan for \$165.—Eggs are selling for 12 cents a dozen. Corn at 50 and 50 cents a bushel.—Netta Baker has returned home from Berea, where she has been in school.—James Burns, the Irish peddler, was here, Tuesday night, with J. L. Gabbard and family. Jimmie is a good fellow and is always welcome at Mr. Gabbard's.

STURGEON

Sturgeon, April 14.—Henry Addison is very low with Bright's disease, and is not expected to live.—Edward Cook, formerly of this place, but now of Berea will preach here, Saturday at 2 p. m., and Sunday following at 11 a. m. He will be accompanied by

Madison Fiscal Court

A review of the Fiscal Court of Madison County, appearing in the Richmond Climax last week, is very complimentary. The report characterizes the past year as the best in the County's history, the present Fiscal Court, during the three years of its existence, having cancelled \$32,000 of the County's bonded debt and \$23,600 of the floating debt, as well as having paid \$3,387.59 interest on the floating debt and no debt having been made during these years.

The County has paid for and has

in operation, \$4,000 worth of road machinery and has paid for and has in possession \$2,500 of real estate in Richmond. In addition, culverts have been put under the roads valued at \$4,000. And three large bridges over creeks have been erected and smaller metal bridges over various streams, while forty miles of turn-pikes have been re-constructed.

On the first day of April the cash balance in the Treasury amounted to \$2,600, the tax rate having been reduced 2 cents during the year.

A gentleman from South Carolina.—Fire caught from Congleton's stove mill the past week and burned up about 300 panels of fence for John Pierson.—C. Underwood of Earnestville, the jewelry man, is here doing repair work on watches and clocks.—N. W. Brewer and a gentleman from West Virginia have been reviewing for a railroad from the mouth of Wild Dog to Buffalo.

SEBASTIAN

Sebastian, April 19.—Irvin Bishop, age 60 years, died of consumption, April 8th. He was buried, the 9th,

prove much.—Fire has been prevalent in the forests for some time, here, and has burned considerable fencing.—Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Rector of Wildie are visiting friends at Climax.—Mr. Frank Baker has returned home from Richmond where he has been for several days on business.—Hurrah for the Citizen. Come on boys and subscribe for it. There is not a cleaner, better, little paper in the world.

GAULEY

Gauley, April 8.—Rev. Dillard Parker filled his regular appointment at

ROYAL Baking Powder

is the greatest of modern-time helps to perfect cake and biscuit making. Makes home baking pleasant and profitable. It renders the food more digestible and guarantees it safe from alum and all adulterants.

TRAIN IS DERAILED

TEN PASSENGERS MEET DEATH
AND MANY ARE FATALY
INJURED.

Escaping Steam From Boiler Kills the
Coaches, Hampering Passengers
in Escaping.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Montreal—Ten persons are dead and 25 were injured, many of them fatally, as the result of the derailment of an excursion train on the Montreal-Chambly branch of the Central Vermont railway, about four and a half miles out of St. Lambert. The train was carrying about 700 passengers, who had taken advantage of the free trip given by a real estate firm to prospective purchasers of lots at Albion subdivision, and was returning to Montreal at a speed of between 20 and 30 miles an hour, when from some cause as yet unknown the engine and the three first coaches left the rails.

The telescoping of the ends of the derailed coaches caused most of the fatalities, nearly all of which occurred in the first two cars. Escaping steam from the boiler of the engine, which was thrown over on its side, filled the coaches and hampered passengers in escaping. The passengers from the other cars formed a rescue brigade and worked hard to extricate the dead and injured from the wreckage. Their efforts were fruitless in the case of some of the victims whose bodies were so firmly wedged in the shattered remains of the coaches that it took a wrecking crew hours to release them.

IN OUR OWN STATE

Continued from First Page

Wilson before and after his nomination for the Presidency, are now coining aloft and he is pretty sure of the job.

WORLD NEWS

Continued from First Page

failure of the United States to extend a helping hand in the matter of recognizing the Huerta regime.

Rebels now control three states, and the collapse of the Federal cause seems to be imminent.

UNITED STATES NEWS

Continued from page one

A NEW ROOSEVELT

Franklin D. Roosevelt has been appointed Secretary of the Navy, the position occupied by Theodore Roosevelt, his cousin, when he began his national political career under McKinley. Franklin D., like the illustrious Theodore, is a graduate of Harvard and has been a state senator of New York. He is a Democrat.

MAX PINE



This is Max Pine, at whose command about 100,000 of the garment workers of New York City went out on strike, tying up the cloth industry of the metropolis.

DREGS OF DEFEAT TASTED.

Chicago, Ill.—Albert C. Frost, former president and promoter of the Alaska Central railroad, and his four co-defendants, all interested in the development of the road, were found to be not guilty in the federal court of conspiracy to obtain control illegally of millions of dollars' worth of coal lands in the Matanuska Valley, Alaska. Disputes over the methods of coal claim locators caused the coal lands to be withdrawn from entry during President Roosevelt's last administration.

SHIPPY IS DEAD.

Chicago, Ill.—George M. Shippy, Chicago's first native born chief of police, and one of the most picturesque figures the department ever numbered among its members, died, in 1903, when the car barn bandits robbed the State street barns of the Chicago City Railway Co., Capt. Shippy's active work in the solution of the crime made him one of the foremost figures in Chicago's most sensational bandit case.

WHEAT

No. 2 red \$1.09@1.11, No. 3 red \$1.11@1.16, No. 4 red \$1.16@1.18.

Corn No. 2 white 60@61c, No. 3 white 61c, No. 4 white 57@59c, No. 2 yellow 60@61c, No. 3 yellow 60c, No. 4 yellow 57@59c, No. 2 mixed 60@61c, No. 3 mixed 60c, No. 4 mixed 60@61c, white ear 60@62c, yellow ear 59@61c, mixed ear 59@61c.

Oats No. 2 white 38@39c, staudard white 37@38c, No. 3 37@37@38c, No. 4 white 36@37c, No. 2 mixed 36@37c, No. 3 mixed 35@36c, No. 4 mixed 36@35c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy \$18.50, standard timothy \$17.50, No. 2 timothy \$16.50, No. 3 timothy \$13.50@14.50, No. 1 clover mixed \$16@16.50, No. 2 clover mixed \$14@14.50, No. 3 clover \$12.50@13.50, No. 2 clover \$9.50@11.50.

Eggs—Prime hens 16c, broods 16c, ordinary brods 16c, seconds 14c.

Poultry—Ducks, heavy (over 4 lbs), young 16c, (4 lbs and under) 16c, young toasters 12c, old roosters 10c, springers (3 lbs and under) 20c, (over 3 lbs) 16c, ducks (4 lbs and over) 16c, white (under 4 lbs) 16c, turkeys (8 lbs and over) 20c, turkeys, young (under 8 lbs) 16c, turkeys, tame 16c.

Cattle—Shipper \$7.40@8.25, butchers, extra \$8.25@8.50, good to choice \$7.75@8.25, common to fair \$5.50@7.75; heifers, extra \$8.50@8.75, good to choice heavy fat gows \$6.00@7.75, extra \$7.75@8.25, good to choice heavy fat gows \$6.00@7.75, extra \$7.75@8.25, light shippers \$4.50@5.75.

Calves—Extra \$9.50, fair to good \$7.50@7.75, common and large \$6.75.

Hogs—Selected heavy \$9.35@9.40, good to choice packers and butchers \$9.15@9.35, stags \$5.50@7.50, extra \$7.75, common to choice heavy fat gows \$6.00@7.50, extra \$7.75@8.25, light shippers \$4.50@5.75.

Sheep—Extra \$7, good to choice \$6.50@6.90, common to fair \$4.50@5.25.

Lambs—Extra \$9.50, good to choice \$8.50@9.40, clipped lambs \$6.50@8.50, spring lambs \$13@15.

WOOLEN MILL BURNS.

Plano, Ill.—The worsted mill of the Orr Felt and Blanket Co. was burned. The owners of the plant had just completed repairs of damages suffered from the flood of March 26, and over 200 employees were to have returned to work. The flood damage amounted to about \$100,000. The loss by fire is estimated at about \$300,000, on which there is \$200,000 insurance. The fire originated in the boiler room, and by the failure of the sprinkler system to work properly the fire spread so rapidly that practically everything except machinery in the basement was destroyed.